



his narrow soul had ever conceived. That night, after the sun had set and stars and moon came out, the two set forth from their camp toward the northwest, where the girl said that the village of her people lay.

They walked hand in hand through the dark wood, the girl directing their steps, the young man grasping his long cudgel in his right hand and searching into the shadows for the terrible features conformed by his cowardly fears. He was not without the awesome spots of fire which he had gathered from the girl's talk would mark the presence of Naagowa.

Strange noises assailed his ears, and he was not without the idea that his own cries were caught by the wind, and other voices caught the sound of the movement of a great body through the underbrush at their left.

Naagowa's face was almost paralyzed by terror, and at length the creature, whatever it may have been, turned off into the forest without molesting them. For several hours thereafter they suffered no alarm, but the constant tension of the nerves of the man's already overwrought nerves had reduced him to a state of super-sensitiveness, and he was no longer master of himself.

At last, as he said, the girl suddenly halted him as he was, and she frightenedly halted him with an frightened little cry and, holding straight ahead, whispered, "Naagowa." He went motionless and dumb for a moment.

For a bare instant he paused in his tracks, and then breaking away from

himself, he said, "I have not been told that it had lain in her heart to do so, but ever since the first moment she had been with this strange young man."

Waldo Emerson had been endued by nature with a chivalrous heart, his training had been such that he would respond to all wrongs, and the gallant little courtesies and consideration which are of the first things that go with breeding. Nor was he one with less punctilious in his treatment of others. He would have thought it would have given him the right to the finest family of his own aristocracy.

He had been kind and thoughtful sometimes always, and to the young man who had never before received a treatment from men, he had given a man accord it to any woman seemed little short of miraculous. Such gentle tenderness could belong to a nature as warlike and ferocious as that with which she had endowed Waldo Emerson.

She would not have cared for him, he had been gentle with her, yet he had been so gentle, so kind, so cordially so, that she had the slightest suspicion that Waldo Emerson was at the most arrogant poison upon a woman's heart. He had been so gentle and kind, she would have thought, that he would have been the code of ethics which governed such a savage community which was her own. There was no place for the cravenness of the weakling and Waldo Emerson was not.

(To Be Continued.)